

## FOR FAMILY USE.

NO SKILL OR PRACTICE NEEDED.

No Clamps Required.

Directions Plain and Simple.



One of the most Powerful Cements in the World.

Although but recently introduced, read what people say of it:

Philadelphia, Pa., 1880.  
Being a grandfather, with four active grand-children who are continually breaking their toys and other things, I have found the Hercules Glue to be one of the very best preparations for mending broken things I have ever tried, because it is always ready and does not dry up and waste.  
WILLIAM H. GARRIGUES,  
First of Garrigues Brothers, Bookbinders, 608 Arch Street.

THE PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL SUPPLY CO.

518 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., 1880.

We have sold the Hercules Glue for some time past, and it has given great satisfaction in every instance we have heard from. Have also used it ourselves, and consider it the very best article for the purpose in the market.  
J. T. STONE, Manager.

KEYSTONE SCHOOL AND CHURCH FURNITURE COMPANY.

Philadelphia, Nov. 30, 1880.

We have tested the Hercules Glue, and for the purpose intended, fully believe it has no equal. Many slight accidents are constantly occurring to furniture, which can be readily repaired by it without clamping or the necessity of a workman. For a real handy article it excels.  
A. F. OLD.

Philadelphia, Dec. 8, 1880.

My Dear Sirs:—It affords me much pleasure to testify to the merits of Hercules Glue. I have found it particularly useful for attaching rubber to wood, for the purpose of printing on blocks; and for this reason consider it especially valuable to the Manufacturers of Rubber Stamps. Hoping that you will be successful in your endeavors to make its reputation world wide,  
I remain, yours truly,  
JAMES P. BRYAN, 1328 Chestnut Street.

Philadelphia, Dec. 9, 1880.

We cheerfully attest to the merits of Hercules Glue. It is exactly what we need—always ready and effective, does its work well, and does not muddle. It has given nearly all the kindred preparations in the market a trial, and has uniformly won the palm of superiority to Hercules. It alone does all that is claimed for it. We do not see how any one, needing a reliable glue, can well do without it.  
SCHEIBER & SON, 891 Arch Street.

November 29, 1880.

Hercules is no misnomer. A giant in strength—a paragon in usefulness.  
A. C. GAW.

Philadelphia, Dec. 10, 1880.

Gentlemen:—I have used the Hercules Glue in my family for some time, and find it very useful for all purposes for which you recommend it.  
E. G. PASSMORE, 631 Market Street.

Philadelphia, Jan. 21, 1881.

Your Hercules Glue needs no endorsement. Only give it a trial, and it will endorse itself.  
THOMAS STUCKY,  
57 North Seventh Street.

New York, January 25, 1881.

Dear Sirs:—After trying my strength on your most excellent article, I have concluded to order a small quantity for home use, where on trial with miscellaneous household goods it did its work most effectually.  
DANIEL SLOTE, 110 & 121 William Street.

Philadelphia, March 7th, 1881.

I am using the Hercules Glue for fastening Glass in Beveled and Nickel-plated Card-frames, and find it far superior to all others.  
THEODORE RUE, 618 Chestnut Street.

Among the many advantages it has over all other preparations, the most important is, that

IT WILL KEEP FOR YEARS, 24

without losing its good qualities, and is always ready for use, making it a valuable article to have in the house. It can be used for cementing Crochery Ware, China, Glass, Leather, &c. Retail price, 25 cents per jar.

For sale by all Book-sellers and Stationers.

BAKER, PRATT & CO.,

Wholesale Agents

NO. 19 BOND STREET,

(near Broadway.)

New York.

TO ADVERTISERS.

GEO. F. ROWELL & CO.'S

SELECT LIST OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS.

An advertiser who spends upwards of \$5,000 a year, and who invests less than \$350 of it in this List, writes: "Your Select Local List paid me better last year THAN ALL THE OTHER ADVERTISING LISTS."

IT IS NOT A CO-OPERATIVE LIST.

IT IS AN HONEST LIST.

The catalogue states exactly what the papers are. When the name of a paper is printed in FULL FACE TYPE it is in every instance the BEST. When printed in CAPITALS it is the ONLY paper in the town. The list gives the population of every town and the circulation of every paper.

The rates charged for advertising are barely one-fifth the publishers' schedule. The price for single States ranges from \$2 to \$50. The price for one inch one month in the entire list is \$625.

The regular rates of the papers for the same space and time are \$2,080.14. The list includes 552 newspapers, of which 187 are issued DAILY and 765 WEEKLY. They are located in 788 different cities and towns, of which 26 are State Capitals, 363 places of over 5,000 population, and 408 County Seats. For copy of List and other information address

GEO. F. ROWELL & CO.,  
10 Spruce St., New York.

# The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME X.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1881.

NUMBER 52.

## POETRY.

### OUR CELLAR DOOR.

EDMONTON.

When I was small—about as high—  
We had some neighbors living high  
Who had a little "chub"  
These neighbors were considered poor,  
But, then, they had a cellar door,  
And had a washing-tub.

Ah! many a youthful hour I've spent  
In sweetest pleasure and content,  
Upon the cellar door—  
Or, gathered at the washing-tub—  
Myself and that little "chub"—  
To sail our vessels o'er.

How well I recollect the night  
When first I saw the little sprite  
Dressed in the cleanest pink;  
I stood a moping gingerbread,  
When she chided me and said,  
"You're awful nice, I think."

"If you, I give me one of your cakes  
The next time that my mother bakes  
I'll give you one of mine;  
And you may come and play with me  
And climb up in our cherry tree,  
Won't that be a real fine?"

"And slide down on our cellar door,  
Play marbles on our kitchen floor,  
Won't that be real nice?"  
And I, transported with the thought  
Of all the happy visions wrought,  
Divided in a trice.

It's many years ago, since then,  
And I have mingled much with men  
And had my ups and downs;  
I've seen life since those youthful days,  
In country and in towns.

In all my wanderings, near and far,  
That "chub" has been my guiding star  
And brought me safely through.  
And when I've wandered from the mark,  
Her voice has whispered in the dark  
"Be careful what you do."

"Act manly, brave and well, your part,  
For you're entrusted with a heart  
As true to you as steel;  
Guard well the sacred precious trust,  
And never humiliate the dust,  
The price in you I feel."

Now, over in the corner there,  
With hazel eyes and nut-brown hair  
You see the counterpane  
Other, who many years before,  
Said with me down the cellar door,  
And gave to me her heart.

## STORE TELLER.

### A FORTUNATE CASUALTY.

A sweet voice came lilting down the stairs, light footsteps trip along the hall to the sitting-room door, which opens, while a face with mischievous eyes, with floating curls falling all about in a lustrous shower, looks in, to start back with amazement at the sight of her mother in tears, and her sister doing her best to soothe her—her own face not bearing her usual calm expression.

All the sparkle dies out of her pretty face as Pussy enters and goes to her mother's side.

"What is it, mother dear? Has anything happened?"

But the old lady sobs on, and it is Sarah who answers, holding a letter to Pussy to read.

"It is this that is the matter. Mr. Elbermarle, through his agent, tells us that we must pay up the full amount of the mortgage within two weeks or leave the house."

Pussy's eyes dilate; she knows the slenderness of the home exchequer, and that to pay such a large sum upon such a short notice will be utterly impossible.

"Oh, dear, what shall we do? How cruel of that rich Mr. Elbermarle, to turn us out of house and home when he is rolling in wealth!"

Sarah turns her eyes tenderly yet anxiously upon the pretty, indignant face; she evidently has something to say which does not come easily.

"You are the one who can prevent such a disaster, Pussy," she says at length. "One word from you and your feeble mother will not have to leave the home she loves so well."

"I can help it—how?"

Sarah evades the upturned, questioning eyes.

"Mr. Law was her this morning, Pussy, and—he wants to marry you."

The last words came in a great hurry, as though the speaker was glad to have them over and done with.

With a gesture of dismay Pussy shakes her long ringlets about her face and sinks down in a little heap upon the floor.

"That old man wants me to marry him, and I am only seventeen! Oh, Sarah, could you honestly harbor such an idea for a moment?" a word of reproach is in the young voice.

Sarah's hand fell gently on the bowed head.

"I know it is dreadful to even think of. But, Pussy, what other way is there? Think of mother—of her feebleness, which has always kept me tied to her side, preventing my even thinking of obtaining employment. If we have to leave the old home it will surely be her death. Look at her now."

Pussy glances up. The invalid's face is covered with her hands, while through the thin fingers the bitter tears are stealing.

"Pussy, come here."

She rises and goes to her mother's side.

"My pet, do not heed what your sister says. She means for the best,

but she has thought only for me. Surely you do not think your mother would purchase comfort at the expense of her child's happiness."

All at once Pussy's resolve is taken, though she says nothing then to her mother only presses a silent kiss on her dear gray head.

But a short while later she appears at the door bonneted and cloaked, with a little basket on her arm, and beckons Sarah out.

"You said you wanted sugar and eggs from the village, Sarah, and I'm going for them now. I wanted to tell you that I've thought over what you said about Mr. Law, and I've come to the conclusion that it wouldn't be so bad a lot after all to be a rich old man's darling."

Compunctious tears spring to Sarah's eyes as she stoops and the innocent young face, and watches as, outwardly light-hearted and cheery, Pussy starts out upon her long wintry walk.

Her brave words and manner have not deceived her sister. "I ought to be ashamed to think of allowing her to sacrifice her young life," she thinks, as she turns back; "but it is for the dear mother's sake, and what other way is there?"

Pussy walks on, a pretty picture in her dark suit with its scarlet piping, and the lovely face whose brilliancy no heart trouble can quite quench.

It is very cold; overhead the sky is gray, and the wind skurries the clouds along at a rapid rate, and plays many a prank with Pussy's hair, now blowing it forward into the rosy face, and now backward into disheveled, curling, bronze brown masses.

A steep incline is before her, and it is one long dazzle of ice.

"Oh, dear," thinks Pussy, "I shall certainly fall."

The thought, has scarcely passed through her mind when, with an exclamation of dismay, her feet slip from beneath her, and down she goes. Some one sees and hastens to her assistance; but masculine boots can not always tread dangerous spots in safety anymore than the tiniest of feminine feet, such as Pussy's, and there is exclamation number two, as, with a decided thud, her would-be deliverer sits down by Pussy's side.

It is a frank and very handsome face which meets hers, as his dark eyes look into hers with an irresistible, mirthful laugh. In a moment the gentleman is on his feet and Pussy, with his help, soon stands beside him.

"I hope you are not hurt," the young man says, as he lifts his hat, his voice grave, though his eyes still brim over with fun.

"Not at all," Pussy answers; "but I am on my way to the village, and I am afraid if I go on I shall fall again. I think I will turn back."

"I am going to the village myself, and if you will allow me, will accompany you as far as you go."

"Oh, thank you," Pussy says. "I shall not be at all afraid of slipping coming back as it will be up hill."

And so they walked off together, and before long, with the bonhomie of youth, they are chatting together as though they had known each other weeks instead of moments. They part at the postoffice, which likewise is the repository of all the needfuls of life, such as sugar, tea, needles and pins, and such like commodities.

"I am ever so much obliged to you," Pussy says, earnestly raising her soft, innocent eyes to the handsome face of her escort.

"Thanks are needless," he says, politely. "I am only glad that you are not hurt by your fall."

A little mischievous light flashes into Pussy's eyes, and she replies demurely:

"All the same, I do thank you, and I am equally glad that you escaped any serious injury from your fall," emphasizing the "your" very palpably.

As the door closes upon the girl's slight figure a faint smile curves the gentleman's mouth.

"What a little darling! I am not by any means sure that I have escaped any serious injury after all," he thinks to himself.

"See here, Gray," he says, to a gentleman who was just passing, "I have a question to ask you. You have lived around here long enough to know something of the people. Can you tell me who the young lady is you saw just now?"

"Of course I can, though I am not acquainted. She is the daughter of—"

Turning, the two gentlemen move on, while the crisp wind carries away what they are saying. A couple of hours later sees Pussy home once more. No one is in the sitting-room, and as she runs upstairs, she sees that the parlor door is open, and hears voices.

Pussy's face blanches and then flushes again.

"I am sure it is Mr. Law," she thinks, turning to flee, but she is not quick enough, her light steps have been heard; and at Sarah's call, the girl goes with a fierce resentful feeling as of some hapless animal caught in a trap, to face, as she thinks, the detested suitor she had determined to accept for the sake of her mother—to prevent from being turned in her old age from her home.

But when she is once within the room, Pussy pauses in amazement, for there, seated on the sofa in easy conversation with her mother, she sees the gentleman who had so kindly come to her assistance a few hours before.

"Pussy, this is Mr. Elbermarle," Sarah says, "and he has offered to let us keep the homestead at a very low rent. Please, sister, join me in telling him what a load he has lifted from our minds."

The gentleman rises, and as Pussy lays her dimpled hand in his, he says: "How cruel you must have deemed me Miss Goldwaite. I confess it—though to my shame—I leave my business affairs much too entirely in my lawyer's (Mr. Gray's) hands. He acted quite on his own responsibility in this matter. I have learned a lesson; henceforth I will be my own agent. Can you forgive me for causing you all so much distress?"

There is a thrill of earnestness in his tones more than the occasion seems to require, and something within in Pussy's breast responds to it, though unconsciously. Otherwise, why does her lovely face color so charmingly?

Mr. Elbermarle leaves the occupants of the Goldwaite home with far brighter hearts than he found them. And when a day later, Mr. Law—the rich old man who had coveted his neighbor's lamb—comes for his answer, he goes away with more of ruefulness than his demeanor usually possesses.

Three months of education does not make a scholar; nor yet would the same number of months of toil for the "root of all evil" bring the desired wealth; but three months of love-making can be made to count for a good deal, and so finds Roger Elbermarle.

The winter is over and spring is here; the months when the birds choose their mates and build their tiny homes, and men's minds turn instinctively to thoughts of love; and one afternoon, just as the sun is setting behind great cloudy bars of crimson and purple, Roger draws up in his phaeton before the little gate of the Goldwaite's cottage.

"I will take the best care of her," he says to Sarah, as he lifts Pussy's slight figure into the carriage and jumps lightly in beside her. Sarah's face softens as she looks after them.

"The darling! it's easy to see what is coming. Oh, how could I ever thought to let her sacrifice herself—and yet when it was for mother! Well she deserves everything of the best."

The two young people drive along with but few words for a little while, drinking in the beauty of the scene about them; the low lying valleys are bathed in a golden haze; the "green things growing" have already begun to clothe the roadside with verdure, and over all the sky throws its gorgeous mantle. In a short time the sun will have set, the twilight fallen, and will all be quiet and gray; but just now the earth seems like a new and glorified sphere.

Suddenly Roger turns and looks into his companion's sweet face.

"Do you remember this spot he asks."

A smile chases away the gravity which Pussy's face has worn for the past few moments.

"Yes," she replies, "it is the scene of our casualty."

"That fortunate casualty! I see you do not mean me to forget I lost my equilibrium as well as you. But, Pussy, pardon me, I always call you so in my thought, you are only right in saying 'our,' for my heart received an injury that day from which it has not yet recovered, and never will unless you say one little word to what I am going to ask you. Pussy, sweetest Pussy, I love you—can I hope that you care for me in return?"

Pussy's face is turned away, but the small hand he has daintily taken possession of trembles visibly.

"Pussy, answer me—will you be my little wife?"

That Pussy says "yes" may be inferred, for one month later she stands a blushing beautiful bride by her husband's side in the little parlor of the homestead, which, the paper Roger presses into his mother-in-law's hand later in the day, states is beauteous—hers and her heirs' forever.

It is not often that such a thing can be affirmed, but for once a casualty can unmistakably be called fortunate.

## A STRANGE STORY.

"Yes, sir, it was the strangest thing that ever happened to me. I didn't believe it could be, but it came right along, and I ain't a bit sorry for it now. I'll tell you how it was, and then you'll see the strangeness of it."

"I was young and foolish, sir. Most girls are at my age. I was just sixteen, and I'd read all about Cinderella, and I thought my prince'd come one of these bright days and say to me, 'Come, Julia, and we'll laugh and dance and be merry all our lives.'"

"I don't suppose there was any particular harm for a girl like me (who had to work so hard and please a cross missus, who the harder you tried to please the less satisfied she was) to dream at her work, which was from the rising of the sun to near midnight, of princes and beaux and such like."

"Well, one day my heart gave a great big thump, and I thought it'd rise right up in my throat and choke me. I'd been dreaming more than ever on that particular day about Prince Charming, and as I was trudging through the street where I'd gone on a message, a nice young gentleman stepped quietly up to my side, and with a smile that was all sunshine on his handsome face—and it was handsome, sir—said:

"Pardon me, miss, but I'm a stranger in this town and I'm in search of the house of Mr. Rodgers, the lawyer. Can you direct me to his residence?"

"Why, yes, I said. 'I live with Mrs. Rodgers—she's my mistress.'"

"Aunt Rodgers—Aunt Becky Rodgers?" he repeated. "I'm so glad."

"Now, sir, weren't it queer he should say on such short acquaintance that he was glad? I know I was more than glad. Oh, he was good looking. Was he the one I'd been dreaming and thinking of so long? But, perhaps, after all he meant that he was glad he found out where his cross aunt lived."

"I took him directly to the door of the house, and I warned him on the way not to say to his aunt that he had seen and talked to me."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because," I said, looking down and blushing, I know, like a cabbage rose, 'if you do, she will be very angry with me and scold me, and say I was presuming and all that.'"

"Poor Julia," he murmured ever so softly. "You see, sir, I told him my name."

"Well, sir, I ran down the basement steps and was in the kitchen as unconcerned like as possible where Mrs. Rodgers just then happened to be, when a tremendous ringing of the door bell began."

"Gracious!" exclaimed the mistress, who can that be? Julia, run up and see who that is, and if it is any one for me, show 'em into the front parlor, and tell 'em I will be up presently. And then you come right down and tell me who it is, do you hear?"

"Yes," I said, and with my face all afire, I bounded up to the basement stairs and into the hall. I flew to the front door and opened it. Here was the handsome young gentleman. I said to him 'Walk into the parlor. Your aunt will be with you in a minute.'"

"He followed me to the room, and all at once, sir, he put an arm around me, and stooping until his bright, sunshiny face was on a level with mine, whispered as he looked right into my eyes. 'Remember, Julia, we are to be friends. And this shall be our pledge.'"

"And all at once, sir, he kissed me. If my face had been a fire before, what was it now, and there was mistress to meet."

"But I was in good fortune, sir, that day. I broke away from the young man, George Bigart his name was, and ran back into the hall. Then I went to the basement stairs, which were dark like, and there I met mistress coming up them."

"You've been a long time a letting 'em in," she said, sharply. "Who is it?"

"A young gentleman, ma'am, as says he wishes to see you particularly."

"A young gentleman," she repeated. "What does he look like; what's his name?"

"He said, ma'am, that his name was George Bigart."

"Oh, George, is it? My nephew?"

"The old lady hurried along the hall to the front parlor, and when she got to the door she cried:

"What is it, you, George?"

"Yes, aunt. I've come down to see you. I mean to keep you for a good while," she added.

"I hurried down stairs all of a flutter, and instead of going about my work I went to dreaming about the sweet prince who had just arrived. For several days the young gentleman kept in his room, and when-

ever Mrs. Rodgers went out of the house, and she always did her own marketing, he'd be down in the kitchen, and he hung around me just as if he was my shadow. Oh, he courted me desperately. Well, sir, how could I refused the attentions of so nice a young man? and he would kiss me at least a dozen times a day."

"Now, wasn't it natural that a young girl such as I then was, always a dreaming as truth the story of Cinderella, her heart not being made of stone, to learn to like so nice a gentleman as was George Bigart?"

"I was in constant dread lest his aunt should notice his coming near me. Should she surprise him, would n't there have been trouble, and I'd told to go home, and I knew my folks were not in such condition then as to support me in idleness."

"One day George came to me as full of love as an egg is of meat, and I told him what I'd been thinking and what I feared. He laughed and said he'd be more careful for the future, and added if by his indiscretion his aunt should discharge me, he'd make it up by giving me money with which to go to school and stay at home."

"I grew very angry at that, and told him he had insulted me; but he declared he had no thought of doing so, that he loved me dearly, and one day he would if I consented make me his wife."

"And now, Julia," he continued, after he had kissed and kissed until I was in good humor again, 'now that we understand each other, I want you to do me a special favor. But you must solemnly promise that you will do precisely as I ask you, and that until I give you permission, you will never divulge it to any—to not even your mother, my aunt, or any one, man or woman, else."

"If there's nothing wrong in it, George," I returned—I got to calling him familiar like, by his Christian name—I'd do anything you ask me to do."

"Wrong!" he repeated. "Why should I ask you to do that which was wrong? Are we not all but as one to each other? If you love me, Julia, you must have entire confidence in me."

"What is it you ask of me, George," I said.

"This," he answered, and spoke scarcely above his breath, while the color in his face turned to an ashen-like hue. "I have a great deal of money. It's in gold and bank notes, and a lot of diamond rings, and three or four gold watches, and I want you to hide them away. They're up stairs in my room, but I'm afraid some sharp-eyed fellow will come along and weed them out. Now, if I give them to you, and they're worth thousands of dollars, no one would ever suspect that you had them, and that'd save a great deal of anxiety, and perhaps trouble besides, of a character I wouldn't like."

"Sir, I never had the least suspicion of any kind, and told my friend that I would do anything to serve him."

"He kissed me again, laughed a little, and said he knew I'd be true to him, even if he stood at the foot of the gallows."

"It was a strange expression, sir, but I didn't think so until after a long time."

"The next day he gave me a small tin box, telling me it was all in there."

"Now, Julia," he whispered, as he handed it to me, 'you must never let a living being know that I gave you this box, and that which is in it. It's sacred, mind you. One day when we're married, I'll tell you all about it, but now. Go hide it away, but be careful and don't tell me or hint to me where you put it. From this moment, until I ask for it, let it be forgotten.'"

"Well, sir, I hid it away, and for the two weeks following I was very, very happy. My prince, whenever he could steal to my side unobserved, was sure to come. He was my very shadow, only he did what shadows never do—put an arm around my waist, drew me close to him, and kissed me until I thought my lips were all of a blister."

"What happened?" you ask.

"Well, sir, I will tell you. Happy dreams never last long. I was awakened very rudely from mine one morning. I was preparing the breakfast, when the hall bell was rung as if the house was on fire."

"I ran to the street door, and on opening it, three men pushed past me into the passage."

"I was all of a tremble."

"What do you want?" I asked, hardly able to open my lips. Mistress is in bed, and so is master."

"We want



E. A. RODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1624 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, 12.50. If not paid within six months, 2.50. These prices are invariable. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter. Terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

The Garfield Monument Fund now actually amounts to nearly one-half of the whole sum which it is intended to secure. Those deaf-mutes and deaf-mute societies who propose to take part in this commendable movement, will have to be quick about it or the whole amount will be subscribed before they have a chance. A small sum will be as cheerfully received as a large one, and those who have not contributed because they did not feel able to give what they might think acceptable, should send on their dimes, quarters, etc., at once. Do not mind what some deaf-mutes say in regard to the undertaking. Some of them will tell you it is a narrow and clannish project, or that it has no connection or reference to deaf-mutes who have not been to the college, or who do not now belong to it. Those who say this do not want to part with anything except for their own personal gratification, and want to encourage others to do the same, as by that means they hope to justify their own selfishness. Of course, there is nothing compulsory about the matter, and we doubt if those who have the enterprise at heart would accept a contribution that appeared to be grudgingly given. We would request every deaf-mute to read the article in another column, entitled "Garfield the Friend of all Deaf-mutes," and to form their own individual opinion and act accordingly.

We have just received the Fourteenth Annual Report of the Clarke Institution for Deaf-Mutes. The Institution is situated at Northampton, Mass. Miss Harriet B. Rogers, as Principal, and eleven female teachers, comprise the corps of instructors. There were present during the year ending September 1, 1881, seventy-eight pupils.

Miss Rogers, in her report to the corporation, says:—Only thirteen out of seventy-eight, or one-sixth of the whole number, can be counted as semi-deaf or as semi-mutes, leaving five-sixths of the pupils here taught during the past year to rank as congenital mutes. Another error which should be refuted is that the pupils are selected, and that none are received from very poor or ignorant families. There could be no greater error. This school teaches by the articulation system only, and the classes, unlike those where the sign system is followed, are very small, there being one teacher to every seven pupils. An average of seven pupils to a class should bring about good results, and it can scarcely be a matter of surprise if a goodly proportion turns out moderately well educated. That some of them are proficient in lip-reading, we can vouch from personal observation, though we regret that with the advantage of so few pupils in a class, a near approach to perfection in lip-reading cannot be reached. In every case we have met, there has been more or less of repetition required in order to make conversation intelligible. Their general education is not above the average of sign institution graduates, who have been taught in classes containing from twenty to thirty pupils. As a test of the efficiency of the two systems, how would it be to have the classes the same size? Articulation is taking a stride forward, but it is yet behind the expectations of many of its advocates. The expenditures during the year amounted to \$26,952.57, or an average of nearly \$350 per capita. Besides this, there was a special expenditure of \$5,875. The report contains statements from former graduates, all of which are favorable, and all speak of continued improvement in lip-reading and some of them conjecture improvement in speech.

The Wisconsin Deaf-Mute Times has taken the place of the "Modern Times," and is a large four column quarto, filled with very interesting and well classified reading matter. The make-up and printing of the number on our table is exceptionally fine—so fine, in fact, that it is hard to believe it is the work of deaf-mute apprentices. The subscription price is 75 cents.

## OBITUARY.

Died, at the Indiana Institution, on December 18th, after a brief illness, Anne L. Cotton, aged fifteen, youngest daughter of Alexander G. Cotton, of Knightstown, Henry Co., Ind.

Again has the dark angel visited our household, bearing away in his icy grasp one of the brightest and best of our pupils. The subject of this sketch was born in Rush County, this state, and resided there until a short time before her death. Taken with typhoid fever about three weeks since, it soon became evident that death had marked her for his own. Her parents were sent for, and all that love and anxious care could suggest, was done for her, but to no avail, and at four o'clock Sunday morning her pure spirit winged its flight to that "Borne from whence no traveler returns." How her schoolmates will miss her! How her teachers and others, who loved her for her gentle, winning ways, will miss her! But the saddest sense of loss will be where she was best known and most fondly loved, at home. The pet of the home circle, the idol of her father's heart, her untimely death has left an aching void which time alone can fill.

Diligent in her studies, respectful and obedient to her teachers, kind and obliging to all, it may truly be said of her, "To know her was to love her." Deaf from birth, she entered the Institution at an early age, and by close application to her studies had made such progress that she was regarded by her teachers as a pupil of uncommon promise; but disease, like an untimely frost that falls silently upon the tender flowers, laid his chilling hand upon her fair brow, and the color faded from her cheek, and the lustre from her eye, and all we have left to us is the memory of her brief, quiet, loving life.

Why one to whom the future promised so much of brightness and usefulness should be so suddenly called away, is incomprehensible to us, but we know "He doeth all things well."

"God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold, We may not tear the close shut leaves apart, Time will reveal their calyxes of gold, And if through patient toil we reach the land Where fabled feet with sandals loosed may rest, Where we shall clearly know and understand, I think that we will say 'God knows the best.'"

## The Garfield Memorial.

### Official Bulletin, No. 2.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE, KENDALL GREEN, NEAR WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 17, 1881.

The following additional agents have reported since the last bulletin: D. H. Carroll, Faribault, Minnesota.

Harry White, Boston, Massachusetts and vicinity.

P. W. George, Chicago, Illinois.

D. S. Engelhardt, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

D. A. Simpson, St. Louis, Mo.

S. M. Freeman, Cave Spring, Ga.

W. H. DeMotte, Principal, Olathe, Kansas.

The following subscriptions have been received:

The Faculty of the college, namely, E. M. Gallaudet, S. Porter, J. W. Chittenden, Jr., E. A. Fay, J. C. Gordon, J. B. Hotchkiss and A. G. Draper \$115.00

D. H. Carroll, Faribault, Minn., Paid 10.00

Miss Anna Wickham, " 1.00

George Allen, " 50

"An Iowa Friend's mite," " 5.00

E. A. Hodgson, New York, " 1.00

P. S. Engelhardt, Milwaukee, " 1.00

S. B. Saxton, Troy, N. Y., 100.00

John G. Saxton, Troy, N. Y., 25.00

Total to date \$239.50

A considerable number of subscriptions, amounting to about \$200 more, are not published, because the subscribers hope to increase them.

A. G. DRAPER, Treasurer.

### Pennsylvania Items.

There are only three deaf-mutes, one female and two males, living in the town of Millersburg, Pa., at present.

Mr. Perry Martin was recently called home, where his mother has been very sick with typhoid pneumonia, but she is getting much better now.

Mr. Perry Martin said he thinks he will go to see a mute lady, by the name of Miss Kate Giber, at Newport, Pa., this winter.

Mr. Cyrus Morris, who lives on his place about three miles from Millersburg, Pa., has not seen the Philadelphia Institution for about sixteen years. He says he dwells very comfortable in his place.

Mr. George B. Bowers received an epistle from his former classmate, George C. Saunders, of Gallitzin, Pa., and was very glad to hear from him. He wishes all deaf-mutes a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Yours respectfully, DEAF-MUTE OF H'E'S, PA.

## ITEMIZER.

### FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

### News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

It is learned that Mr. Albert Ballin is now in the city of Rome.

"Mignon," don't you know where Miss Stella is? If so, please send her address at once.—Cor.

Clement D. Parham, of Reading, Pa., is a deaf-mute reader of the *McCall's* furnace.

The writer of this item desires to know the whereabouts of George C. Peters, through the *JOURNAL*.

The deaf-mutes of Reading, Pa., very much desire Rev. Job Turner to pay Reading a visit and deliver one of his sermons.

Fanny Spotts, wife of George C. Peters, is about to be granted a divorce from him on the grounds of desertion for five years.

The St. John school building has been enlarged so as to enable the manager to accommodate fifty scholars. The library has been replenished with nearly five hundred new volumes.

Rev. Mr. Mann expects soon to deliver in the Guild room of Trinity Church, Cleveland, Ohio, a lecture on the life of Charles Dickens, the great novelist and story writer.

Chas. A. H. Goeltz, of Reading, Pa., is a semi-mute and works as a laborer in a pipe mill. He has good and steady business. He has lots of deaf-mute and speaking friends.

Hugh Gross, of Reading, Pa., is a foreman in the tailoring establishment of Meyer & Holmes, Laet Thursday, he got very sick with fever. His wife takes care of him now and hopes that he will soon be well.

Thomas Dracy, a mute cooper, is about to buy a farm seven miles south of Palmers, Connecticut, N. Y. He is about 63 years old, and has worked at the cooper trade 37 years. Mr. Dracy and his brother have made during the past season, 1,704 barrels.

John W. Shappell, of Shoemakersville, Pa., is a deaf-mute who has been learning the cigar-maker's trade for about six months. He says he will come to work in the cigar manufactory on Sixth street, at Reading, Pa. He is a small funny French boy.

According to the *Sussex (England) Advertiser*, a marriage of a somewhat peculiar character, both the bride and bridegroom being deaf-mutes, was celebrated in All Saint's Church, Lewes, on Saturday. The service was conducted by the Rev. C. F. Nolloth, the rector, assisted by the Rev. W. Stainer, late chaplain to the Royal Association in aid of the Deaf and Dumb, London, who translated the marriage ritual as it was read by the rector to the bride and bridegroom. The bridegroom is Mr. W. F. Mitchell second son of the late Captain Mitchell, R. N., Mr. Thomas Mitchell, paymaster in the Royal Navy, and brother of the bridegroom, acting as best man. The bride is Miss Elizabeth Chapple (Beesie), only daughter of the late Richard Woodman, of Glynde and Kingston. The Earl of Chichester, who has taken a great interest in the marriage, gave away the bride, who is the daughter of one of his former tenants, Miss Woodman's father and grandfather having for many years been tenants of Stanmer.—*New York Evening Telegram*, Dec. 21.

### A Changeable Man.

Yesterday afternoon, Mr. Tom F. Dwyer, a well known deaf-mute who is an amateur detective, brought an aged deaf and dumb wanderer, to the central station, and charged him with being a vagrant, and peddling lead pencils and alphabet cards without a license. Mr. Dwyer alleged the name of his captive to be Mr. Vail, and in a written description stated that, "He does drinking and is changeable to board at some hotels without paying for his boarding, for he has no cent, and is very deceitful to do drinking. He is very vagrant but he will do no work." It will be seen that the charges are of great gravity.—*Cleveland Leader*.

### Is it a Canard?

A singular thing happened to a preacher last Sunday, near Little Rock. He is a deaf preacher, and when he got about half through his sermon there was a cry of fire outdoors, and the audience got up and went out. The preacher couldn't account for it, not being able to hear what was going on. He thought maybe he had offended the people some way by his wearing apparel being out of order, his collar unbuttoned, or something, and he looked himself over from Dan to Beersheba to see what it could be. Then he sat down to think it over and the crowd came back, the fire being out, and he finished up the sermon.—*Ez*.

### Deaf-Mute Beggars.

On December 9th, two deaf-mutes from Chicago came to Joliet, Ill., and claimed that they were collectors, and begged the citizens to give them money to aid the Deaf-Mute Asylum in Canada which was destroyed by the great fire. They begged money of deaf-mutes in Joliet, and some of them paid them from \$1 to \$2. They got besides money from the hearing citizens. On December 12th, they were caught by the policemen and were shut up in jail for being very drunk. They were taken before the Justice, who fined them \$1 each, and told them to leave our town as soon as they could. One of them is a painter, and the other is a baker. The painter is from England and the baker from Ireland. They now live in Chicago. They deaf-mutes of Joliet hate them, and don't want to see them anymore. *Louis Globe-Democrat*.

John Gambol, of Boston, is reported to have been killed by the Indians in Utah.

James H. Caton, the blind deaf-mute, wishes all his mute friends a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

W. L. Waters, of Brooklyn, went to New Haven, Ct., on the 24th. He attended a festival at Mrs. Averill's on Monday last.

Mr. A. V. Bergquist, of Jamestown, N. Y., was sorry Mr. P. S. Girardin, of Buffalo, could not come to see him.

Henry Boutelle came to St. John from Boston. It is believed that he has gone away to other places looking for work.

Last Sunday afternoon, C. L. McKenzie paid a visit to George Saunders, of Gallitzin, Pa. Charles is working on his farm in Portage, Pa.

Lewis Lyons, who is now in Waco, Texas, writes that Edward Shore, of that place, is a printer who earns good wages. He wants to hear from Willie Reilly, of New York.

Mr. Andrew Clark, a native of Scotland, has arrived in Canada from Australia and proceeded to St. John, N. B., where he is engaged as an assistant teacher in Mr. Abell's school.

Mr. William Teed, who has been canvassing for the New Brunswick Institution in the New England States has returned to St. John, where he intends to enjoy the Xmas holidays.

Mrs. Mary A. Lipp visited St. John, and was surprised to find great improvement of all sorts about the Institution. She visited several mute residents about the city and has now returned to Biddeford, Me.

Mr. John Kaov, of Grafton, O., sold his house and lot last week, and is going to Chattanooga, Tennessee, with his wife (Miss Garrett, formerly of New York city). He was educated at the Germany Deaf and Dumb School, and left Germany over 15 years ago. He is pleasant and intelligent.

Robert Crawford attended the St. John School regularly for seven months ending on the first of March, 1875, when he was expelled. He ran away from the Halifax School in April, 1885. He was also engaged as a collector for the St. John School, but lost that situation through intemperance.

Bradford Hines, of Kingston, N. B., supports his aged and invalid mother, therefore cannot leave his home to attend the St. John or Halifax School. He keeps a shop in which he mends boots and shoes and practices the duties of a barber, and is doing well. He never received a letter from Mr. Abell at any time.

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell denies the assertion that deaf-mutes, when called to speak, have the accent of their native district. Some children do articulate after peculiar dialects, but on investigation it always turns out that they could talk before they became deaf, and this cannot correctly be ascribed to heredity. He says, also, that by proper instruction any harsh and disagreeable character of the utterances may be corrected, and he adds that "so successful has articulation teaching proved in America and in Europe that dumbness will soon be universally recognized as a mark of neglected education."—*New York Times*, Sunday, Dec. 25, '81.

Deaf-Mute Service in St. George's Church.

The St. George's Church yesterday afternoon was the scene of a highly unique service, conducted by the Rev. T. B. Barry of New York, in the language of deaf-mutes, in which quite a number of the children of silence from various parts of the city took part, and a number of other people were present.

A portion of the evening service was read slowly by Rev. A. G. Baylis, which Mr. Barry readily interpreted to the deaf-mutes. The story of the healing of deaf-mutes in Mark 5:2 was then read, and the hymn, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," was sung, all of which was interpreted by Mr. Barry.

Mr. Barry then gave an interesting address on the subject of the Church Mission to the deaf-mutes which had been started in the United States. In the schools the deaf-mutes were taught to follow the ordinary church service, and the lessons were read from the Bible, but the mission work was started in the United States. In the schools the deaf-mutes were taught to follow the ordinary church service, and the lessons were read from the Bible, but the mission work was started in the United States.

Rev. Dr. Sullivan then gave a short address to the deaf-mutes, which Mr. Barry interpreted to them. He expressed sympathy for them in their affliction, pointed out how much they had to be thankful for, as eyesight, understanding and conscience, gave them a simple statement of Gospel truth, and referred to the time when among the redeemed of all nations every tongue would be loosed and employed in praising God.—*Montreal Daily Star*.

DEAF-MUTE SERVICE.

AN INTERESTING OCCASION AT CHRIST'S CHURCH, ST. LOUIS, WHEREIN MUTES PARTICIPATED IN A RESPONSIVE SERVICE.

Quite a contrast to the ordinary church service was that held at Christ's Church yesterday afternoon, the congregation being composed of deaf-mutes, and the officiating minister being also a deaf-mute.

The congregation consisted of about thirty persons varying in ages from 5 to 40 years, and who resided at their homes in various parts of the city, not being connected with any public institution. Before the arrival of the minister a general conversation in the silent language of the deaf took place, in which all present appeared to take part. From the smiles that were occasionally visible on the countenances of the conversationalists, it was surmised that they were engaged in social intercourse into which a comical expression would occasionally enter.

When the Minister, Rev. Mr. Mann, of Cleveland, Ohio, entered the sanctuary, all looked demure and solemn. With a wave of his hand the congregation rose to their feet, and he delivered the usual introductory sentences and declaration in the alphabet of the mutes, followed by the confession, absolution and other parts of the service, the congregation making the prescribed responses in the sign-language. There was no sound of the choir or audible response throughout the service.

After the prayers and minor benediction the preacher read his text in the same mysterious language, as follows:

"Speak to the earth and it shall teach thee."

At the conclusion, the benediction was pronounced, and the congregation took their departure to their homes. A more impressive scene is seldom witnessed outside the Episcopal communion, which is foremost in ministrations to deaf-mutes throughout the country, having clergymen especially trained in the work.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

Mr. T. A. Froehlich of N. Y., will visit his friends in Wilkesbarre, Pa. next Friday.

Always ready to take a hand in conversation—deaf and dumb people.—[*Philadelphia Sunday Item*.

Mrs. Lavinia Gilmore, of Cleveland, O., has been very sick with rheumatism of the heart but is a good deal better.

Peter Housel, of Newark, N. J., visited the New York Institution on December 27th. He is a carpenter by trade, and has had steady employment for fifteen years.

Mrs. Annie Thomson and her sister Miss Emma Humphrey are employed at the *Home Companion* Publishing Company building, on St. Clair Street, Cleveland, O., in folding and mailing newspapers, etc.

William Frey and his wife returned home to Jersey City from Moodna, N. Y., last week, where they had been to see Mr. and Mrs. Peter Edmonston, of Cornwall, N. Y.

Mr. Willie Campbell and Miss Gerhold are to be married some time next month. A better matched couple cannot be found. Mr. Campbell is a handsome young gent and a favorite with all whom he knows.

Capt. A. H. Kohlmetz, the well-known sharp shooter is not in the matrimonial line yet. All of the ladies have failed to conquer him. He is a good, jolly story teller, and it does one good to have a confab with him.

Rev. A. W. Mann held service at Christ's Church, St. Louis, both morning and evening. He baptized an infant son of Adam and Barbara Sutter in the afternoon. His sermon was very interesting, and all were attentive throughout.

The deaf-mutes of St. Louis can enjoy themselves as well as the speaking people, and they have better manners than some people. Miss Jennie Patten is the leader of the parties. She is an accomplished young lady.

Mr. Edward Duran, of Boston, on Saturday last was shown through Houghton, Dutton & Co.'s store by his charming lady friend who is employed there, Miss Annie Frederick. On Sunday afternoon he was invited to Mr. George McDonald's home in Charleston, Mass., by Miss Maggie King.

Mr. D. A. Simpson is blessed with a lovely wife. She is a splendid housekeeper and is the right kind of a wife for such a good man as Mr. Simpson. Every one who knows her loves her. It would do well for the girls to follow her example.

Miss Pauline Larimore is living with Miss L. C. Forgy. She is so well pleased with her new home, and every one is so kind to her. Miss Forgy thinks she has got a very good companion, and she is doing her best to make her happy. God bless her dear heart.

Alex. Desendorf, left his place as packer in the bakery last week. He has succeeded in getting a good job as type-setter and pressman in a photo-engraving establishment. His wages are good. He expects to work in a printing office with his relative in Philadelphia next month.

One of the most prosperous of New York Societies is that known as the Social Union. It is under the management of an efficient corps of officers and its members are really united in their efforts at sociability, both among themselves and toward outsiders. Its receptions are very entertaining and always fully attended. This great success is undoubtedly due in great measure to the efforts of Mr. Souweine, Chairman of the Committee of arrangements. He is much thought of by all who know him, and his pleasing manners gather the gentler sex to the monthly entertainments given by the Society.

Mr. Souweine has resigned from the office he has so creditably held since its organization, to the regret of all the Society. It is to be hoped that his successor will try to emulate his example, thus keeping the Society in its present flourishing condition.—Cor.

Mr. Whittier to the Blind.

Mr. Whittier was recently informed that a selection from his poems had been printed in raised letters at the Perkins Institution for the use of the blind, and that the pupils had determined to celebrate his recent seventy-fifth birthday. The information naturally gratified him greatly, and he wrote the following reply:

DANVER, Mass., Dec. 12, 1881.

DEAR FRIEND:—It gives me great pleasure to hear that the pupils in thy class at the Institution for the Blind have the opportunity afforded them to read some of my writings, and thus hold what I hope will prove a pleasant communion with me. Very glad shall be if the pen-pictures of nature and homely country broadsides which I have tried to make are understood and appreciated by those who cannot discern them by natural vision. I shall count it a great privilege to see for them, or rather to let them see through my eyes. It is the mind after all that really sees, shapes, and colors all things. What visions of beauty and sublimity passed before the inward and spiritual light of blind Milton, and Beethoven! I have an esteemed friend, Morrison Heady, of Kentucky, who is deaf and blind, yet under these circumstances he has cultivated his mind to a high degree, and has written poems of great beauty and vivid descriptions of scenes which have only been seen by the "light within." I thank thee for thy letter, and beg of thee to assure thy students that I am deeply interested in their welfare and progress, and that my prayer is that their inward and spiritual eyes may become so clear that they can well dispense with the outward and material ones. I am very truly thy friend, JOHN G. WHITTIER.

—*New York Times*, Sunday, Dec. 25, '81.

Do the Motions.

(From the *Youth's Companion*.)

Those who have heard Father Gavazzi, the apostle of the Free Church of Italy, know what an efficient aid pantomime is to speech. A look and a gesture convey the orator's thought, even before his lips have spoken it.

Few American orators possess this art. Their gestures may be graceful or impressive, and their countenance animated. But the face does not speak, nor do the hands express emotion.

Years ago, there was an American orator who did speak with the "action, action, action," which Demosthenes insisted upon. William C. Preston, of South Carolina, was alike eloquent in speech and in gesture.

A gentleman was once listening to Mr. Preston and beside him stood a deaf man. Apparently he heard as distinctly as any one in the vast crowd. Tears, smiles and even boisterous laughter responded to the speaker's utterances.

"Who's that speaking?" asked the deaf man of the gentleman by his side, just as the orator had finished one of his magnificent passages.

"William C. Preston, of South Carolina," shouted the gentleman.

"Well, well," said the deaf man, "I can't hear a word he or you are saying, but don't he do the motions splendid?"

"But the action to the word," says Hamlet, "the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature."

Michael Coyne has left Leadville, Col., and returned to his home in Kansas.

M. W. Carr is still at work in the *Plainsdealer* office in Sparta, Ill.

Two mutes lent a hand in decorating St. Ann's Church with evergreens.

Edward Duran took a flying trip to Worcester, Mass., on Thursday last.

Rev. Thomas Gallaudet will lecture before the M. L. A. on the evening of January 19th.

The Sirina Club of Brooklyn has been disbanded on the account of so few members lately.

Some mutes of Brooklyn will call on Mayor-elect Low, in the City Hall, on New Year's day.

Mrs. Emily Kell, of Brooklyn, has been invited by Mrs. John A. Lounsbury to stay with her for a few days.

Mrs. J. A. Lounsbury, assisted by Mrs. Emily Kell, will receive mute callers on New Year's at 41 Spencer street, (3d floor) Brooklyn.

A little bird whispers that quite a large party took place on Christmas afternoon and evening (Dec. 26th) at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Juhring.

At the home of Richard E. Joyce, on Sunday evening last, Mr. Joyce, George McDonald, Eva L. Hunt, Maggie Conley, and Edward Duran, sat down to supper together.

Mr. W. E. Guss is contemplating a wedding tour to the East this winter. It is said that he and Miss Bridget Cannon are engaged to be married. It cannot be denied.

A Twilights says: There is no truth in the rumor which has gained credence in this vicinity that Jews are debarred from membership in our organization. All respectable gentlemen of whatever religious faith are eligible to membership.

Miss Lizzie Schutt, of Troy, N. Y., is visiting Mrs. Sovereano, of Lanesville, N. Y. She is a sister of Miss Sarah Schutt, a deaf-mute of Troy. Miss Lizzie Schutt will be happy to see any of the deaf-mutes of Syracuse and tell them about their Trojan friend.

What is always eagerly sought for by the more prominent members of our associations—the chairmanship of the committee of arrangements of entertainments and amusements—does not seem to have attractions for certain members of the M. L. A., as seen by the account of its last meeting for this year, which appears in another column.

A correspondent wants to know why X. X. X., in writing up the news, continually places the Manhattan Literary Association second to the Catholic Association. Does he wish thereby to create the impression that this latter association is the first of the kind in the country? If he does he is doing wrong, as the M. L. A. occupies that proud position, the honors of Boston to the contrary notwithstanding.

A correspondent says: It is "expected that the Twilights Club will be well represented at the Boston Levee. Its president, business allowing, will be there. Isaac Newton Soper, its treasurer, leaves New York City on or about the 29th inst., and after visiting his old home in Lowell for a few days, will "strike a



## FANWOOD.

### How Christmas was Observed.

### DECORATIONS, ETC.

### A few Holiday Happenings

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Before the pupils left for home to spend the holidays, the most of them, with commendable forethought and a desire to make the stay of those who were obliged to remain as pleasant as possible, decorated a few of the class rooms.

The decorations in Mr. Lloyd's class room are especially attractive, in fact, we give them the palm. The south wall is encased in a huge chain of evergreens. At each end there is a Christmas tree laden with presents. In the center, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," are cut in elegant letters and are surrounded by stars of various colors. At the right of the above, "1881" is suspended in a wreath of ferns, with a black mark across the figures, denoting that the year has expired. On the left hand, in a wreath like the former, "1882" appears to smile a greeting. The whole, interspersed with flags, etc., gives it a charming appearance, and is a credit to the good taste of J. Thompson and J. Lyons.

The decorations in Mr. Carrier's class room were designed by Herman Zorn, a promising "young 'un" who has displayed remarkable talent for drawing, designing, etc. "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" is cut in original letters joined together with cords made of evergreens running through them. It has a very pretty look.

In Mr. Reeves' room, evergreens are entirely dispensed with, and in their place birds, stars, etc., made of cardboard and of various colors, are clustered together around some elegantly cut letters representing "A Merry Christmas, etc." Philip Dackerman and W. Tweed claim the honor of inventing the design.

The pupils of Mr. Jones' class appear to have less fancy tastes than those of the other classes. Every thing is studiously plain. "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" appear on the wall in plain letters and simply surrounded by a wreath of evergreens. There is also a hoop of evergreens suspended on the wall at each end of the room.

In Mr. Gamage's class room, where the pupils are very young, they have the north wall covered with evergreens, with "A Merry Christmas" in attractive letters surrounded with hoops, etc., made of ferns and evergreens. The little fellows, Fenton, Kinley and Wankowski, are to be congratulated on their success.

### HOLIDAY HAPPENINGS.

#### THE TEACHERS.

Mr. Jewell expects to help Dr. Peet through the holidays. If he is able to get off, he will doubtless pay his old friends, Newell and Haigh, of Goshen, N. Y., a brief visit.

The foremen of the Industrial Department will pursue the "even tenor of their way."

Mr. Gamage will divide his time between the Institution and Jersey.

Miss Garrett and Miss Emsig will take a two weeks' jaunt in the wilds of Pennsylvania.

Miss Hagadorn will make glad the hearts of Baltimore friends for two weeks or so.

Mr. Mann will study the beauties of nature in Carmansville.

Mr. Lloyd, who always appreciates the comforts of his home, will remain there.

Mr. Reeves will devote the greater part of his time in making his little girl happy.

Mr. Jones with "the olive branch" will "infest" the boulevards and by paths around picturesque Fort Washington.

Miss Barrager will remain at the Institution, and will doubtless devote much of her time to shopping.

#### THE SUPERVISORS.

The male supervisors will each have a four days' frolic.

Mr. Sloat will take his at the home of his fathers.

Mr. Bennett expects to visit the paternal mansion.

Mr. Howell will roam over the "mud clad" hills of Orange county.

#### THE PUPILS.

Miss Georgie Decker has gone home, and probably will not return.

Miss Jennie Williams will undoubtedly return to school after the holidays.

Martha Hamilton is snug in the abode of Brooklyn friends until January 4th.

The redoubtable Alexander L. Pach, of photograph fame, will spend his time in endeavoring to photograph himself on the hearts of the fair ones of Red Bank, N. J.

A. Lipcoln Thomas will kill time by visiting his numerous friends in New York and Brooklyn.

Miss Bella and George Fisher will

doubtless be among the first arrivals at the close of the holiday season.

Jolly Frank Honck is the only land, mark of the Articulation Class here.

Calculating Seymour Berray will probably let the Walton, N. Y., Chronicle editor know what he knows about "jobbing."

Billy Daryan will spread himself all over Yonkers, N. Y.

M. Palmer, W. Rose, F. Croken, E. Smith, J. H. Donnelly, E. Singer, A. Capelli, E. A. Brown, J. Nash, F. Honck and P. Dackerman constitute the working force in the printing department.

Miss Louisa Redner is adorning the home of her parents in Utica.

Mrs. M. Weyant is treading the tortuous ways of Stony Point, Rockland Co., N. Y.

Chubby Willie Fomire is no doubt spreading devastation through his mother's pantry, in Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Modest Henry Davitt will flit silently around Rondout, N. Y., for the next week or so.

Beau John Lloyd, Jr., will eat turkey in Harlem, N. Y., on New Year's Day.

Geo. Porter is somewhere in New York City.

C. D. Newton accompanied J. H. Caton, the blind pupil, home to the Highlands.

Misses Hitchcock, Wells, Sitterly and Bryan are the only High Class girls who remain.

The boys who remain and who are "flush," are having high old times. Those unfortunates who have "nary red" stalk around with their hands in their pockets, looking for all the world as dejected and miserable as chicken thieves.

Upon hearing of the death of Hon. Henry E. Davies, late President of the Board of Directors, which occurred December 17th, James H. Caton, the celebrated blind pupil, was overcome with grief, and immediately sat down to his type writer, in the manipulation of which he has become quite expert, and printed the following touching letter to Mrs. Davies:

"MRS. DAVIES:—Perhaps your lamented husband, the Hon. Henry E. Davies, LL.D., has told you about a blind deaf-mute boy at the Institution, named James H. Caton."

"I am the boy, and I feel as if I am weeping with you, because I loved him much. He was very kind to me. He praised what I wrote at our exhibition in the city, and at the close of the exercises, he gave me ten dollars to express his pleasure at my success and his sympathy at my misfortune."

"Many a time has he shaken me by the hand and made me happier by his encouraging words, interpreted to me by Dr. Peet. He is now happy in heaven. I hope I may meet him there, and I may then be able to hear his voice and to see his face."

"With respect and esteem, I am Truly yours, JAMES H. CATON."

Miss Weyant presented Alexander Pach with a handsome book, as a Christmas gift, last Friday.

The genial phiz of Julius F. Lang was seen hereabouts last Thursday. He was dressed to kill.

The burned hospital is rising from its ashes. A Tarrytown carpenter has commenced operations upon it.

John F. O'Brien, James F. Donnelly and the crowd they freeze to, will be welcomed by a select few up here New Year's, if they choose to come.

W. Eltrich, a graduate, was up here two weeks ago and left a specimen of his skill in the carving line in the officers' sitting room. It is the head of what appears to be an Indian princess. Whatever it is, it must have required considerable skill in carving.

Christmas here at school, was the same old Christmas in relation to its celebration. Nothing transpired to make it different from other days save the "blow out," which was tip top. Not a pupil absented himself.

A grain of sublime satisfaction was noticeable on the countenance of every mother's son of them as they filed slowly into the dining room. This grin gave place to a look of stern determination as soon as grace was said. It did us good to see the way they they sailed in. It took them a little over an hour to finish the repast, and no better illustration of the satisfaction it gave could be given than the following answer of a young lad to the question as to how he enjoyed it:

"How did I enjoy it, eh?" said he, as he slowly unbent his vest, "it was just too positively bulky."

In the evening, sweetmeats were distributed, and various amusements whiled away the time till half after eight, when all retired.

Joseph B. Davis, of New York City, a former pupil, came up here after his little sister Sunday last. Joe had steady employment as stamper in a tinware establishment until about a month ago, when he was so unfortunate as to have three fingers of his right hand badly crushed in a vice. He says he will resume work at the old place as soon as his hand gets well.

The nephew of Miss Hagadorn, drawing teacher, arrived here Sunday morning with the intention of accompanying her to Baltimore, but found she had started the day previous.

"His feelings can better be imagined than described."

Mr. Mygatt, of type-writer fame, with his wife, are guests of Prof. Carrier.

There are a little over a hundred pupils here now.

B. Gallagher is happy. He got a small printing press with a font of type for a Christmas gift.

Thomas R. Stewart and A. Bousfield were up here Monday evening at the social reunion, and enjoyed themselves hugely.

T. F. Fox arrived here Tuesday last.

GRACE H.

## Garfield the Friend of All Deaf Mutes.

In regard to the movement to erect a Memorial to Garfield by a general subscription among the deaf and dumb of the United States, it has been objected by a few that Garfield has no claim upon the gratitude of the deaf-mutes of the whole country as a class, but only upon those connected at some time with the National Deaf-Mute College. I see this narrow view rebuked in the JOURNAL by a brother, who suggests that the contrary be proved by Garfield's own words. Let us see. In a speech in Congress on the 21st of June, 1870, he says:

"Now, here is an institution in the city of Washington that carries the education of the deaf and dumb to the highest point necessary to fit the students who go there to be the teachers of that class. We have here an institution which, according to the laws and regulations now governing it, we have ourselves a part in the work of controlling, which allows students coming from all deaf and dumb institutions in the various States of the Union, after they have got in those institutions all the advancement they are capable of getting there, to come here and complete the course of study which will fit them to be teachers of the deaf and dumb. The result is that one institution here, as it were in the center, supplies, or can supply, all the schools for the deaf and dumb in the United States with thoroughly educated teachers fully qualified for the work; and I know of no single thing which this Congress can do that will have more beneficial results to the whole body of the people than to let one institution officially kept up to supply teachers for the various deaf and dumb institutions throughout the country."

You will observe that he speaks only of the help which the College is to give to the other schools for the deaf and dumb in their work. He did not think, probably, that the College could only fit its students to be teachers of their brothers; but he speaks of this as though it were in his mind the great thing. It was going to help the deaf-mutes of the whole land; that was the great thing.

You will see, too, that he speaks of the work of educating the deaf and dumb in a sensible way. He does not call it a charity and appeal to the kind hearts of the Congressmen to help the poor unfortunates. He speaks to them as to men who are seeking to do their country good, and says to them:

"I know of no single thing which this Congress can do that will have more beneficial results to the whole body of the people." This is the way we want to be spoken of, and here is more of Garfield's common sense to the same effect:

"Several gentlemen have spoken of this movement as a work of charity; in my judgment, it is a work of very enlightened wisdom on the part of Congress. Mr. President, to you is confided the honor of presiding over the thirty-eight millions of men and women who compose the body of this great republic. The source of all its greatness lies behind the material evidences of its prosperity, lies in the heads and hearts, the brain, the muscle, and the will of the people over whom you preside. The thing, therefore, that affects their welfare, their force, their efficiency, touches the very essence of the national life. It is well known that only the portion of the population between the ages of twenty and sixty are supporting. Of these thirty-eight millions, eighteen millions are outside those limits. In other words, eighteen millions of population over whom you preside must be supported by the other twenty-eight millions. From these twenty millions must be subtracted the infirm, and all those that for any reason are unable to support themselves. Now the education of this institution represents more than twenty thousand of the population of the United States, most of whom, by the influence of institutions like this, have been lifted up from the lowest and most degrading life to the dignity and value of intelligent citizens."

You will see that here, also, the deaf-mutes of the whole land—the whole twenty thousand of us—are constantly before his mind. He is not looking at the National Deaf-Mute College, but through it and beyond it, out into the whole broad land. Is the College alone to be grateful for all this?

I rather incline to think that our deaf-mute friends far away in Christiania, Norway, who wrote to us awhile ago to sympathize with us on the death of "James A. Garfield, the friend of deaf-mutes," knew better what they were writing about than some friends nearer home. Distance perhaps gives them the true perspective; or may be refracting power of the Canadian border line, which divides us from the "silent world," makes our friends of that denser sphere see things here somewhat awry.

B. E. GRATFUL.

B. A. Brown replies to A. A. Brown.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I have lately found A. A. Brown's item published in the JOURNAL of December 8th, saying I brought the false accusation against C. Aug. Brown as she misjudged me. She should examine me and would soon discover the truth of my argument before she sent such an item to your paper, but it is too late. Indeed, I always take care not to accuse falsely. She cannot prove the truth of her accusation for such a fault which I never committed. It was not a worthy thing to call me "poor Byron" as she did. Why does she call Mr. Brown "Rev. Mr. Brown," as he does not preach now?

I was not mistaken in abhorring the procrastination of sending the books to me. "Procrastination is the thief of time."

Rev. Samuel Rowe left Belfast at 11 A.M. two weeks ago, walking all the way, and arrived at my house at 5:30 P.M. He most earnestly requested me to beg C. Aug. Brown's pardon, as he said, seeing the books and money were all right in Brown's keeping. On leaving my house for Belfast again, he carried my written note to ask Brown to pardon me for the said thing in the paper of December 15th. Rowe sent word to me that Brown cheerfully forgave me. Now I am free of bringing that quoted accusation and am as happy as I ever was.

B. A. BROWN.

## NEW YORK.

### The Catholic Literary Union.

### THE "M. L. A."

### Items of Interest.

The Catholic Literary Union meeting on Wednesday, the 21st, was devoted to business. After the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting by the secretary, one of the members said it was impossible to hold a pantomime in the hall of St. Francis Xavier's College for the simple reason that there was now no hall.

This took many of the members by surprise, and upon investigation, it was found that recently the rooms of the College had not been found, large enough for the wants of the College, and the hall, which was two stories high, had been divided into two floors, and each floor divided into about ten rooms each.

It was suggested that a hall be hired, or to hold it in the basement of the Church, but on further thought it was deemed best to give up the project until the Association gets in better condition in regard to cash.

This is a bad beginning, and an association ought never to jump to any thing before the way is clear for carrying it out. "Look before you leap."

The President then gave notice that all the members ought to go to Communion on Christmas, or some time in January, as it is one of the articles of the Constitution. Rev. M. P. Costin would prepare them if necessary.

It has been decided that no meeting will be held during the holiday week. The next meeting will take place on the first Wednesday in January.

A debate on the question, "Can women be lawyers?" was the opening event of the M. L. A.'s meeting last week, and was witnessed by the usual number on such occasions.

At first, it seemed as if the fair ones would meet with defeat, but in the end it was decided they were acceptable to the "bar" by a fair majority.

Mr. Froelich took the floor at its conclusion and spoke of what has been done towards incorporating the Association and of the necessity of a Board of Trustees being elected.

Several candidates were then named, of whom the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, John Curran, Esq., and Dr. L. L. Peet, were chosen as most suitable.

"The Levee to come" (?) was then brought forward by a detailed account from Chairman Hogan, of the Committee on securing a hall, of what had been done.

He had been to several, but all were engaged with one exception—Manhattan Hall, 54th St. near 8th Ave.—was the one he recommended, its easy access by the different lines of conveyance and the many conveniences of its interior, being a further inducement.

The same amount of nonsense as has heretofore been spent on the same subject was again resorted to and the only decision made was to fix the date, February 21st, 1882.

A Committee of Arrangements, to act in case the hall and the "Levee" are decided upon, was then chosen, with Mr. Wilkinson as Chairman and the following named gentlemen as assistants: Reynolds, Ekardt, Rotter, Hoffman, Kuss and Schwoerer.

After the professor-like Cornelius had given the schedule of debates and lectures to take place during the coming month, a motion to adjourn by Mr. Frey was carried, and the members departed to meet January 6th, 1882.

If the hall is procured, the terms between the manager and the Committee, as related by Mr. Hogan, are that the room is to be vacated at 12 P.M., each additional hour after that time at the rate of \$5. Provabably should be made, if the admission price is fixed at \$1.50, that those who attend will have ample "time" to obtain their money's worth of pleasure.

This is a nice state of affairs. The M. L. A. has taken a vacation without coming to a decision. The levee was first thought of in November. Time flew so fast that it was thought best to postpone it until February, for, as they said, there was not enough time to make it a success. Now it is January, and the Association has not yet found a hall suitable. The members are at loggerheads, and are always coming to a final agreement at "the next meeting." They ought to have the whole thing in the hands of a committee, and not allow every member to throw every thing that comes into their hands in the way. Of course, it will be impossible to give satisfaction to all. If the levee had been held during the holidays, a great many of the members would be delighted and quite as many would be disgusted, and so with the hall. All want it as near as possible to their homes, but as it is impossible to have it thus, they ought to "grin and bear it," and let the Committee do

as they think best for the benefit of the greatest number.

The price, \$1.50, is immense. It is about as much as a ticket would cost to go to the Arion or some other ball of the upper ten. It is more than many of our deaf-mutes make a day and as deaf-mutes who work hard are preferable to those who loaf around and attend every social event that comes around, and as it is the workers who carry every thing through, we think a reasonable price ought to be charged. Fifty or seventy-five cents is enough if not too much for a few hours' fun.

One of the members, who has a very fertile brain for inventing ideas, wants an oration or something of that sort to open the levee.

The best thing would be to arrange it so that all would have fun, and not let it be so fixed that some fellow could run the thing for an hour or so delivering a school room story of Washington, which is known by heart by every American deaf-mute.

Christmas fell on Sunday this year. We got it down for the benefit of those deaf-mutes who forgot the fact. All the churches were beautifully decorated. Services for deaf-mutes were held in St. Ann's in the afternoon. The entrance to the edifice was tastefully decorated with evergreens and other Christmas fixings. The sermon was preached by Dr. Gallaudet, and the attendance was quite large. Among those present were Miss Florence Jones, Miss Katie Shute, and many others from a distance, and also Mr. W. Jackson, of Massachusetts.

Patriotic deaf-mutes, who are well acquainted with the History of the United States, and who admire the bravery of the American tars during the revolution, have doubtless heard of the "Constitution" or as it was better known "Old Ironsides." Well, she has been put out of commission, or in other words she has been laid up for ever. No one can think of this without a feeling of sadness. It was, indeed, a sad sight when the order was given to haul down the American Jack. Old veterans who had doubtless seen many a stirring scene on her decks stood with bowed heads. The boom of the artillery over the shattered bulk, seemed to protest against the proceedings.

It was used both as an instrument of destruction against America's foes, and was used on errands of mercy, as the following will show. She was built at the beginning of this century, and among his victories may be mentioned, the whipping of the British frigate Guerriere, the capture of the British frigates, Jovis, Pietian, Cayenne and the sloop, Levant. During the recent famine in Ireland, the good old ship went loaded to the gunwales with provisions for the starving people of that country.

"Age tear her tattered ensign down  
Long has it waved on high,  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky."  
\* \* \* \* \*

"Age better that her shattered bulk  
Should sink beneath the wave  
Her bones to the coral of storms,  
There ought to be his grave."

"Nail to her mast her holy flag,  
Set every thread a sail,  
And give her to the God of storms,  
The lightning and the gale."

Our Institution deaf-mutes who have ambition to become printers, are with hardly an exception dead set against acting as "devils." We do not know why, but we insert the following, clipped from a Boston paper for their benefit, which we would advise them to cut out and paste in their ha's, and when doing any ugly job, they will recollect it as it will be near their brains and perhaps will encourage them to do their work without grunting, and well too. It was written by one of the best known newspaper writers of the day, and who doubtless "knows how it is himself."

#### PRINTERS' DEVILS.

"A great many persons are in the habit of looking upon and speaking of printers' devils in a manner that reflects no credit on themselves. These same printers' devils, in nine cases out of ten, are three times as well posted on the issues of the day as the person who slights and speaks lightly of them. There is no class of boys for whom we have a more profound respect than well-behaved printers' devils. They know something and are practical, which is more than you can say of all classes of boys. In that respect we place the boys who work in a printing office head and shoulders above most boys. Young woman, before you again elevate that delicate nose at the approach of a printers' devil, get some one who knows something of history to tell you the names of a few characters that were once printers' devils. For fear that you will dislike to show your ignorance, we will give you a short list of ex-devils of printing offices. If you have not heard of any of them, quit your flirting and all nonsense in general, and go to studying. Did you ever hear of Benjamin Franklin? Ben was once a printers' devil. He was also one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Hannibal Hamlin, Vice-President under Lincoln, was once a printer's poor devil. Schuyler Colfax, who has been Speaker of the House of Representatives for years, was "nothing but a devil in a printing office," at one time. Horace Greeley, who was one of the first journalists on the continent and ex-Congressman, was a printer's devil. Ex-Senator Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, was a printer's devil. Thurlow Weed, one of the wealthiest and most influential men in New York, and editor of the Commercial Advertiser,

was a penniless "devil" in a printing office. Ex-Senator Ross, of Kansas, commenced his successful career as a printer's devil. Two-thirds of the editors in the United States were once printers' devils. Permit us to tell you that the men who once did duty as printers' devils have done more to advance the interests and sustain the good name of America, than any other class."

A small but select party of deaf-mutes met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Juhring, on Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, E. D., Monday, December 26th. A very enjoyable time was passed. Dancing and games of various kinds helped to while away the time. The games were those known as Boston, Post-office, and an attempt to play the dumb band was a failure owing to the imperfect knowledge those present had of the fascinating Boston game. Another game which created much amusement was played as follows: One of those who play get two plates, one of the plates are blackened with charcoal. A victim is chosen and given the blackened plate. He tells the victim to look in his eye and do as he does. He makes various signs, and ends in rubbing his hand over the underside of his plate, the other player does the same and then making marks over his face with his hand. If the victim correctly follows him, his or her face soon becomes one mass of black bars.

The supper was served at 10 P.M., and did credit to the host and hostess and would make one of Delmonico's French cooks turn green.

Among those present were Miss Guffy, who lately returned from the West, Misses Ludwig, Gum and Henri. The toilets of the ladies were very handsome, and were works of beauty and a joy forever.

Among the gentlemen present we noticed Messrs. Jackson, of Massachusetts, McClellan, Donnelly, O'Brien, Tobin, Donohue, Soper, Reynolds, Wilkinson, Greis, Frey and Dezenford.

The Twilight Club talk of going around in a body New Year's in a four-horse coach.

Winter is very desirable when it is cold, but when it is as it now is, it is far from pleasant. The recent rains made it appear more like spring than winter.

X. X. X.

#### College Chronicles.

##### CHRISTMAS CHIPS.

Reed and Morrow started for Philadelphia this A.M.

Old Kendall sends greetings to all. Exams are over and the wounded feel rather queer.

The soiree committee are busy pushing the affair to completion.

Extra examinations will be held on Saturday, January 7th, 1882, at 9 A.M. Professor Gordon will spend the holidays in Chicago, Ill.

Saxton, '82, was the first to start for home. He was followed by Dundon and Hathaway of '86.

Allabough, '84, bade adieu to Kendall Green yesterday. He goes to his home in Pennsylvania.

A number of those remaining intend to make a trip to Baltimore next week.

We had the last swim of the season on Tuesday last. Just think of swimming on December 20th!

Messrs. Hasenstab and Bryant left via B. O. R. R. for New York last evening. The latter goes to Boston, Mass.

Oh, for cold weather and skating! is the sigh of those who pass the Christmas recess within these classic walls.

Something wrong with the gas in the new building. Candles were in requisition on the east side on Thursday night.

Veditz, '84, leaves for Baltimore to-day and carries with him an A I examination average. An examination average of 10 in four studies and a daily average of 10 in two others.

It looks as if the college band is making preparations for something. Wonder if a racket is on the tapis?

There has been a good deal of growing about the exams during the past week; still this is a free country. It makes the "undergrads" fell good to see the alumni so enthusiastic about the Garfield memorial project.

The examination returns show that of the students pursuing the regular college course, but two failed to pass in all their studies.

Now the Washington High School boys want to have a trial with Kendalls at foot ball. Well, we can accommodate them and teach them a trick or two.

"Merry Christmas" will be flying around at a lively rate, but, somehow, those fellows who failed to pass the exams can't see the fun of it.

Next Thursday the Kendalls play a match game of foot ball with a picked team, consisting of students from the Eastern colleges who are spending the holidays in Washington. Harlan, of the Princetons, will be among them.

On Thursday evening the inhabitants of the Green turned out en masse to witness a gymnastic exhibition given by the students. The exercises appeared to be highly appreciated and were greeted with applause from the spectators.

The soiree on Wednesday evening next opens at 8 P.M. Music has been engaged for the occasion and a well arranged order of dancing has been prepared. It seems likely that the affair will be a great success, that is if the weather is favorable.

LESTER MONTROSE.

KENDALL GREEN, Dec. 24, 1881.

## ROME.

### Our Christmas Tree.

### WOODEN WEDDING.



# THE THIRD ANNUAL LEVEE AND BANQUET

## Boston Deaf-Mute Society.

Monday Evening, January 2d, 1882.

The undersigned Committee of Arrangements, representing the Boston Deaf-Mute Society in its annual festival and New Year's Entertainment, have the pleasure of announcing to the deaf-mutes of New England and their friends that the next Levee and Banquet, which, from the brilliant programme already planned out, promises to eclipse anything of the kind ever gotten up for their entertainment in New England, will take place at the large elegant

HORTICULTURAL HALL, on Monday, the 2d of January, 1882. Horticultural Hall, which is capable of holding over 500 persons, is the same where the grand and successful Levee given under the management of Philo W. Packard and Geo. A. Holmes in 1870 was held, at which over five hundred deaf-mutes were present. The Hall is situated on Tremont street, between School and Bromfield streets, is one of the best parts of the city, within easy access of all railroads.

The Banquet will be held at Copeland's well-known first class dining rooms on Washington street at ten o'clock P.M., and will be supplemented by sentiments, toasts, etc. The bill of fare, as given by the proprietor, will be as follows:—Escalloped Oysters, Cold Meat and Turkey, Charlotte Russe, all kinds of Ice cream, Tea and Coffee, Fruits, Pickles, Nuts, Salads, Raisins, etc. The reputation which Mr. Copeland bears as a first class caterer is a sufficient guarantee for the quality and excellence of his cuisine, the collation served last year fully sustaining that reputation, every attention being shown by the proprietor and the host of waiters. The Committee takes pleasure in recommending Mr. Copeland again to those attending the Levee.

The Society holds a regular course of lectures on Wednesdays and divine services on Sundays. With great pleasure, we state that the genial Prof. Fay, of Hartford, will officiate at the New Year's Services with Prof. Weeks and Gorham D. Abbott, of Lowell. Dr. Peet, of New York, is yet to be heard from in relation to these services. These services will take place at the rooms of the society, No. 18 Essex street, on the 1st of January, 1882. Besides the morning and afternoon services, a general prayer meeting in the evening will be held. Deaf-mutes from out of town are specially invited to attend these annual New Year's services of the Society. They could stay over Sunday at the Sherman House, Court Square—terms 75 cents and \$1 a day for lodgings, for the Levee the following day.

Thomas Brown, the Patriarch of deaf-mutes and the first President of the New England Gallaudet Association has signified his intention of being present at the Levee and Banquet, where he hopes to meet his old friends and to make new ones.

Many prominent persons from all parts of New England have been heard from with the expectation of being present, and in view of the fact that the last Levee was a brilliant success in spite of rival attractions elsewhere, the Committee are encouraged to hope that the next will be a yet greater success crowned with a still larger attendance.

Among the attractions engaged for the occasion are a Grand Magic Lantern Exhibition by Mr. Philo W. Packard, of Salem, and a Pantomimic Exhibition abounding with humor, pathos and amusement, by the well-known Mrs. Whipple Follette, of Rhode Island. Those who have seen Mrs. Follette play, will need no words of praise from us; she is an inimitable mimic or pantomimist that can make the audience laugh or cry at her "sweet pleasure." The Magic Lantern which is to last an hour, will be enjoyed as a rare treat. Mr. Packard has the finest collection of views to be found anywhere, embracing as they do, some of the most noted objects of interest in this country, Europe and the rest of the world. A view of Garfield and his family will be given.

The Committee, who have determined to spare no pains and expenses in order to ensure an enjoyable time to everybody, have decided to offer nine (9) grand prizes, a list of which follows:

PRIZES FOR LADIES.

Two handsome red plush purses. A large, handsome Album for Card Photographs and Cabinets.

FOR THE GENTLEMEN.

A genuine silk "stove-pipe hat," the winner to have his measure taken. A gold breast-pin.

PRIZES FOR EVERYBODY.

A Bible, nicely bound. A handsome student's lamp (nickel-plated).

The following named persons will be asked to act as judges: Mrs. Whipple Follette, Philo W. Packard and Prof. Weeks of Hartford, on the Bible prize; Messrs. Tillinghast, Lynde and Newhall on the other prizes.

Horticultural Hall will be open all day and night for the accommodation of visitors from a distance. The Society's hall will also be open all day and evening on Sunday. Dancing and various games of amusement usual on such occasions, including the famous "Dumb Band," will while away the rest of the night.

Two small prizes will be given to the lady and gentleman winning the victory in the game of "Dumb Band." Mr. Williams' famous drum will be used on this occasion. The games of Tab and Apples, Florin and Ring, Copenhagen, Post-Office, Fox and Geese, Forfeits, etc., will be played.

On account of our removal to a larger and more expensive hall, the price of admission to the Levee, has to be raised. The price of admission to the Banquet remains the same as before.

Ticket, admitting to the Levee - - 75 cents.  
Children under twelve years - - 25 cents.  
Admission to the Banquet - - 75 cents.

Address all letters for any further information or orders for tickets to George A. Holmes, Registry of Deeds, Boston, or to Harry White, Beverly, Mass., the Committee of Arrangements.

Any lady visitor desiring to have cheap but good board during her stay in Boston, can be accommodated for any length of time at the Young Women's Christian Association on Warren street.

No expense and pains will be spared to ensure to every one a good time.

Geo. A. Holmes, } Committee of  
Harry White, } Arrangements.

Rev. Job Turner.

DEAR MR. HODGSON:—The undersigned is now back in the ancient city again.

Yesterday he had a pleasant and profitable Sabbath, holding two combined services for deaf-mutes as well as others, one in St. James' Church in the afternoon, and the other in Meade Memorial Church, Manchester, Va., over the James River, in the evening. Both services were attended by a number of deaf-mutes, among whom was Mr. Willie F. Johnston, the deaf-mute druggist, who stands well in the community as a gentleman. His uncle is Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, a highly talented gentleman, and can spell on his fingers as well as we do.

St. James' Church is the same building in which were conducted the funeral services of Edward Pye Chamberlayne, a highly educated deaf-mute who was unfortunately run over and killed by a train near Madison, where he buries the remains of the late President James Madison.

The late Mr. Chamberlayne went from Virginia to Hartford with a nice large-sized ham strapped to the top of his trunk, in order not only to present the ham to the late Lewis Weld, Principal of the American Asylum, but also to witness the Gallaudet monument ceremonies. Mr. Weld told him that he accepted the unexpected present with pleasure, and the latter said to him that he cured it with his own hands. His brother, Mr. Hart M. Chamberlayne, is a deaf-mute farmer of Concord, Campbell Co., Va., about ten miles east of Lynchburg, a great tobacco market.

A pleasant incident took place at the Church before the deaf-mute service. A fine baby having been brought to the church to be baptized, the venerable rector requested the undersigned to interpret the baptismal service for the benefit of the deaf-mutes present, which he accordingly did in the silent language, to the delight of the parents and sponsors.

The ceremony being done, the baby left a handsome sum of money to the silent interpreter. Immediately after service, the undersigned started for Manchester to fill his appointment for the night, walking about three miles to the church, where he held a joint service with the rector, the Rev. Edwin Aleeson, formerly of Iowa, who said that he met Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Mann at Council Bluffs, Iowa, when they travelled together to awaken an interest in the Church Mission.

At the night service were present five deaf-mutes, one who was one night walking home when he saw an intoxicated man fall into a pond or a body of water, and jumped in, rescuing him. The man afterwards presented him with a gold watch for saving him from a watery grave.

The undersigned passed by the old house where Mr. Braidwood taught his private school till he broke it up, in consequence of which he drank hard and at last fell a victim to the bottle. He was buried in an alley at a short distance from the old school-house. His stone having been taken away, his grave has become a foot path; that is, foot passers tread over it, not knowing that it was once the grave of the first teacher of deaf-mutes in America. It filled his heart with sadness, while he stood looking down at it. He leaves to-morrow for Goodland, Va., to know more about the Brollings to whom may be due the credit of having opened the first private deaf-mute school in America. As soon as his mission is done, he will go on to Lynchburg, Va.

Yours sincerely,  
Job Turner.

MY BARK

My bark is wafted to the strand  
By hands Divine;  
And on the helm there rests a hand  
Other than mine.

## "TERWILLIGER FITZPATRICK, ESQ.'S," CATECHISM OF HOWS.

How many more lies do some deaf-mutes tell than is absolutely necessary?

How much of the "bombastic rhetoric" by deaf-mutes of to-day is to be known as "hog wash" 100 years hence?

How many stars does a semi-mute see when he hits his head on a rafter while in pursuit of a refractory hen?

How many mutes were ever convinced by argument?

How many mutes fail to be convinced through bitter experience?

How much better is a mute's appetite when he has no money to buy a breakfast?

How many mutes think they don't know much?

How many mutes who borrow money are certain they'll never pay it within the specified time?

How many sixteen-year-old deaf-mute girls think they will become old maids?

How many want to?

How much easier it is for a deaf-mute to spend a dollar than to make it?

How many mutes are there who do not think they know more than the whole deaf-mute population combined?

How many semi-mute women will own up their true age?

How could any of us endure a deaf-mute who has never committed a sin of any sort in all his life?

How much money will the pupils of the New York Institution have this time next year if they keep on buying presents for every body's birthday?

How many Institution mutes will spend the Christmas holidays at home without any body to talk to and who have had no fun at all, won't return to school and lie like a heathen Chinese about how they smoked fifteen cent cigars and went to the theatre every night?

How many mutes who read the above won't vote "Terwilliger Fitzpatrick, Esq.," a consummate jackass?

CLEVELAND NOTES.

PERSONALS, ETC.

Mr. Robert Stevenson, who used to work for Mr. Rice, who has been frequently mentioned in the JOURNAL as owner of a printing office near Columbus, has secured a situation in a job printing office in this city. His grandmother keeps a high-toned private boarding house on Prospect street. Robert, stick to your job, and you will, no doubt be as happy as a humming bird.

Fred Mettenberger was in our city the other day, and registered at the American House. He was well dressed and brought with him a big roll of bills.

A MUTE ARRESTED.

A deaf-mute, who claimed to hail from New York and whose first name could not be learned, although he gives his name as Vail, was arrested by Tom F. Dwyer, a deaf-mute detective, on the charge of vagrancy, swindling the boarding houses, begging, etc. He was brought to the Central Station, where he was booked for vagrancy. On trial, he was found to be an aged man, and being he was unable to work for his living, he was ordered to leave town at once.

A CURIOUS MIRACLE.

A telegram was received from Youngstown, O., to one of our dailies, to the effect that a curious miracle has created sensation in that city. It says: "George Stamborgh was run over by the cars in that city on the 9th of December, and was the subject of a miracle. Before the accident he was deaf, but now he is able to hear plainly."

TRUTH.

CLEVELAND, Dec. 23, '81.

Death Of The Old Wife.

She had lain all day in a stupor, breathing with heavily-labored breath, but as the sun sank to rest in the far-off western sky, and the red glow on the wall of the room faded into dense shadows, she awoke and called feebly to her aged partner who was sitting motionless by the bedside; he bent over his dying wife and took her wan, wrinkled hand in his.

"Is it night?" asked she in tremulous tones, looking at him with eyes that saw not.

"Yes," he answered softly. "It is growing dark."

"Where are the children?" she queried; "are they all in?"

Poor old man! how could he answer her?—the children who had slept for long years in the old churchyard—who had outlived childhood and borne the heat and burden of the day, and growing old, had laid down the cross and gone to wear the crown, before the old father and mother had finished their sojourn.

"The children are safe," answered the old man, tremulously; "don't think of them Janet, think of yourself; does the way seem dark?"

"My trust is in thee; let me never be confounded. What does it matter if the way is dark?"

"I'd rather walk with God in the dark, than walk alone in the light."

"I'd rather walk with Him by faith than walk alone by sight."

"John, where's little Charlie?" she asked. Her mind was again in the past. The gravestone of twenty years had lain on Charlie's golden hair, but the mother had never forgotten him! The old man patted her cold hands, hands that had labored so hard that they were scarred and wrinkled and calloused with years of toil, and the

wedding ring was worn to a mere thread of gold—and then he pressed his thin lips to them, and cried. She had encouraged and strengthened him in every toil of life. Why, what a woman she had been? What a worker! What a leader in Israel! Always with the gift of prayer or service. They had stood at many a death-bed together—closed the eyes of loved ones, and then sat down with the Bible between them to read the promise. Now she was about to cross the dark river alone.

And it was strange and sad to the old man, and the yellow-haired granddaughter left them, to hear her babble of walks in the woods, of gathering May flowers and strolling with John, of petty household cares that she had always put down with a strong, resolute hand; of wedding feasts and death-bed triumphs; and when at midnight she heard the bridegroom's voice, and the old man bending over her, cried pitifully, and the young granddaughter kissed her pale brow, there was a solemn joy in her voice as she spoke the name of her children one by one, as if she saw them with immortal eyes, and with one glad smile put on immortality. They led the old man sobbing away, and when he saw her again the glad morning sun was shining, the air was jubilant with the song of birds, and she lay asleep on the couch under the north window where he had seen her so often lie down to rest while waiting for the Sabbath bell.

And she wore the same best black silk, and the string of gold beads about her thin neck, and the folds of white tulle. Only now the brooch with its miniature was wanting, and in its place was a white rose and a spray of cedar—she had loved cedar—she had loved to sing over her work:

"Oh may I in his courts be seen,  
Like a young cedar fresh and green."

But what a strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had grown strangely young, and a placid smile was laid on the pale lips. The old man was awed by this likeness to the bride of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips and said softly:

"You've found Heaven first, Janet, but you'll come for me soon!"

"It's our first parting in more than seventy years, but it won't be for long—it won't be for long!"

And it was not. The winter snows have not fallen, and there is another grave, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding! We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but no! Where they are there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage.—*Detroit Free Press.*

TESTING HER INNOCENCE:—A poor, pale, Paris seamstress was arraigned for theft. She appeared at the bar with her baby of eleven months on her arm. She went to get some work one day, and it stole three gold coins of 10 francs each. The money was missed soon after she left her employer, and she found her about to quit the room with the three gold coins in her hand. She said to the servant: "I was going to carry them back to you." Nevertheless she was taken to the Commissioner of Police, and he ordered her to be sent to the police court for trial. She was too poor to engage a lawyer, and, when asked by the judge what she had to say for herself, she replied: "The day I went to my employer's, I carried my child with me. It was in my arms as it is now. I was not paying attention to it. There were several gold coins on the mantelpiece, and unknown to me, it stretched out its little hand, and seized three pieces which I did not observe until I got home. I at once put on my bonnet, and was going back to my employer to return them, when I was arrested. This is the solemn truth, as I hope for Heaven's mercy." The court could not believe this story. The judge upbraided the mother for her impudence in endeavoring to palm off such a manifest lie for the truth. He besought her, for her own sake to retract so absurd a tale, for it could have no effect but to oblige him to sentence her to a much severer punishment than he was disposed to inflict upon one so young and evidently so deep in poverty. These appeals had no effect, except to strengthen the poor mother's pertinacious adherence to her original story. As this firmness was sustained by that look of innocence which the most adroit criminal can never counterfeit, the court was at some loss to discover what decision justice demanded. To relieve his embarrassment the judge proposed a renewal of the scene described by the mother.

Three gold coins were placed on the clerk's table. The mother was requested to assume the position in which she stood at her employer's house. There was then a breathless pause. The baby soon discovered the bright coins, eyed them for a moment, smiled and then stretched forth its tiny hand and clutched them with a miser's eagerness. The mother was at once acquitted.

This conundrum is circulating in Louisville: If John Jesker's wife signs herself "Mrs. John Jesker," is her name John?

Making a take is like throwing a top. If it doesn't come down on its point it will not spin.

The dog for a surgeon—A setter.

A green grocer—One that credits everybody.

How does Father Time travel? Bicycles, of course.

## DEAF WIT.

HOW DEAF-MUTES ARE MADE SPORT OF, AND SOME SPORT MADE BY DEAF-MUTES.

A Mixture of Humor and otherwise—Principally Otherwise.

BY TERWILLIGER FITZPATRICK, ESQ.

The name of a Russian deaf-mute is Siendrezzebledlongeiewy, but is pronounced Fepbegiedryvibzohldi. However, the unfortunate's friends will persist in pronouncing it as it is spelled. Articulation among deaf-mutes in Russia is not progressing.

A Chicago semi-mute went home the other evening and found his house locked up. Getting in with considerable difficulty at the window, he found, on the table, this note from his wife: "I have gone out. You will find the door-key on the side of the door 'step.'"

We are much indebted to experience, and it is truly said we learn most from our mistakes. This is the reason deaf-mute printers know so much.

A Detroit deaf-mute denounces the poke bonnet "because they chafe his ear." Here, now, is a question for our deaf-mute debating societies. Can they explain how it is that a poke bonnet worn by one person can chafe the ear of another person not wearing it?

Our institution boys think it a deucedly absurd arrangement that compels them to go to bed at night when they are not sleepy, and have to get up in the morning when they are.

A New York semi-mute lady put gum arabic on her false bangs in the dark, under the impression that she was using pomade. The antics of her countenance, in trying to smile agreeably an hour later at the party given by the Twilight Club in Harlem, was too horrible for publication in the chaste columns of the JOURNAL.

When a mute with his nose colored like the golden sunset of an autumn day, goes into the house of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and with feeble signs tells her that part of his liver and left lung are gone, and he would like a dime to help him through this world of sorrow, she helps him out doors with the toe of her brogan as lively as possible. That's the kind of a wild cat fire insurance company she is.

When a fellow tells a story which he thinks is funny and the deaf-mute crowd does not catch on, his face falls naturally. It is affected with the force of gravity.

Deaf-mutes, show your colors, but don't show them on the end of your nose.

It took a western deaf-mute literary society three hours to come to the conclusion that they did not know why a cat always swallows a mouse head first. In order to save its tail for a tooth-pick.

A semi-mute lady friend writes that no man will stare long at a woman who does not stare back. That sounds very well, but if she does not stare back how is she to know whether the man has stopped staring or not?

The production of copper in this country is estimated at about nine millions annually. Judging from the number of brass watch chains worn by our deaf-mute young men, it looks even more.

All deaf-mutes have heard of the Pope-ish quotation: "Fair tresses man's imperial race ensue, and beauty draws us with a single hair." We don't care how much of a "beauty" she is. A woman with but "a single hair" ain't sufficient to "ensnare" us. It is a bald headed exaggeration. Deaf-mutes prefer more than a single hair on their girls' heads.

Conundrum—"What is the chief means of support of some of our deaf-mutes from ten until sunrise?"—a lamp-post.

When a mute goes to Colorado, he is called the "deafest kind of a tenderfoot" until he has been stabbed, shot at, engaged in a free fight, fallen down a mine, kicked by a mule, and chased by a vigilance committee. Then they admit he is getting used to the country, and if he kills his man, he is looked upon as a prominent citizen, albeit his ears are "plugged."

One of the saddest sights in the world is to see a young deaf-mute trying to treat his sweetheart's small and depraved brother as though he was his dearest friend.

REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Cleveland, O. - - - Jan. 1th.

Pittsburg, Penn. - - - 8th.

Other appointments will be published later on.

## We Shall Know.

When the mists have rolled in splendor  
From the beauty of the hills,  
And the sunshine, warm and tender,  
Falls in splendor on the rills,  
We may read love's shining motto  
In the rainbow of the spray;  
We shall know each other better  
When the mists have cleared away,  
When the weary watch is over,  
And the mists have cleared away,  
Never more to walk alone,  
In the dawning of the morning,  
When the mists have cleared away.

If we err in human blindness,  
And forget that we are dust;  
If we miss the law of kindness  
When we struggle to be just,  
Snowy wings of peace shall cover  
All the pain that clouds our way,  
When the weary watch is over,  
And the mists have cleared away,  
We shall know as we are known,  
Never more to walk alone,  
In the dawning of the morning,  
When the mists have cleared away.

When the mists have risen above us,  
As our Father knows his own,  
Face to face with those that love us,  
We shall know as we are known,  
Love beyond the orient meadows,  
Floats the golden fringe of day;  
Heart to heart we hide the shadows,  
Till the mists have cleared away,  
We shall know as we are known,  
Never more to walk alone,  
And the day of night is dawning,  
And the mists have cleared away.

## The Wine Cup.

Dash from thy lips that sparkling glass!  
As thou would'st spurn the blackest sin;  
Though naught its beauty can surpass,  
Yet dire destruction lurks within.

Oh! dash away that liquid flame!  
Nor let it taint thy youthful breath;  
It lures the soul to shame,  
And anguish, poverty and death.

What, though the wine-cup, sparkling bright,  
Can quiet all thy raving fears;  
'Twill prove thy soul's eternal blight,  
And whelm thee in remorse and tears.

Oh! could that glowing wine-cup tell  
The woes its liquid fire has wrought,  
'Twould but unfold the scenes of hell,  
With darkness shades of horror fraught.

'Twould tell the wreck of god-like mind;  
Life's fondest joys to ruin driven—  
Of anguish deepest—most refined—  
The loss of peace—of life—of Heaven!

Then dash away that sparkling glass!  
As thou would'st spurn the blackest sin;  
Though naught its beauty can surpass,  
Yet dire destruction lurks within.

## German Wives.

Some statisticians have discovered that in Germany the best age for marriage among women are from twenty-five to thirty-five years; that few take place before nineteen, the number slowly increasing until twenty-five is reached, when the high numbers appear, receding after thirty-five. Few German girls marry before nineteen and after forty. The German girls are taught house-keeping thorough, and by the time they marry they are able to take excellent care of a house, relying but little on imported cooks. A German lady's kingdom is her kitchen; her parlor she enjoys but to display her talent as a pianist or conversationalist she would not sacrifice her ability to husband and his friends. Probably if there were more marriages before nineteen there would be less happy homes in Germany and less wives of experience, discretion and good temper.

When Andrew Jackson was President of the United States, Jimmy O'Neil, the Irish doorkeeper of the White House, Washington, D. C., was a marked character. He had his foibles, which often offended the fastidiousness of the President's nephew and Secretary Major Donelson, who caused his dismissal on an average about once a week; but on appeal to the higher court, the verdict was always reversed by the good nature of the old General. Once, however, Jimmy was guilty of some flagrant offense, and after being summoned before the President himself, was thus addressed:—"Jimmy, I have borne with you for years, in spite of all complaints; but this goes beyond my powers of endurance."

"And do you believe the story?" asked Jimmy.

"Certainly," answered the General. "I have just heard it from two senators."

"Faith," retorted Jimmy, "if I believed all that twenty senators say about you it's a little I'd think you was fit to be President."

"Pshaw, Jimmy," concluded the General, "clear out and go back to your duty; but be more careful!"

Jimmy not only retained his place to the close of Jackson's presidential term, but was with him to the day of his death.

Never pass between two persons who are talking together, without an apology.

Never enter a room noisily; never fail to close a door after you, and never slam it.

Never forget that if you are faithful in a few things, you may be ruler over many.

Never lend an article which you have borrowed unless you have permission to do so.

Never exhibit too great familiarity with new acquaintances; you may give offense.

Never fail to offer the easiest and best seat in the room to an invalid, an elderly person or a lady.

Never neglect to perform the commission which your friend has intrusted to you. You must not forget.

Never send your guest who is accustomed to a warm room off to a cold, damp spare bed to sleep.

Never punish your child for a fault to which you are addicted yourself.

Never answer questions in company, that have been put to others.

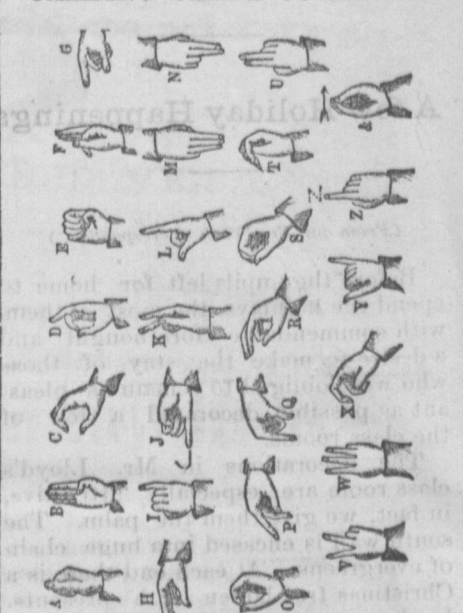
Never, when traveling abroad, be over boastful of your own country.

Never call a new acquaintance by Christian name unless requested to do so.

EX-SOLDIERS and their HEIRS should all send for a sample copy of that wonderful paper, the World and Soldier, published at Washington, D. C. It contains Stories of the War, Camp Life, Scenes from the Battle-field, and a thousand things of interest to our country's defenders. It is the greatest soldiers' paper. It contains all the Laws and Instructions relating to Pensions and Bounties for soldiers and their heirs. Every ex-soldier should enroll his name under the World and Soldier banner at once. Eight pages, forty columns, weekly. \$1 a year. Sample free. Address World and Soldier, Box 558, Washington, D. C.

## MANUAL ALPHABET

AND CALLING CARDS COMBINED.



We are printing Manual Alphabet Visiting or Calling Cards, of the best quality, cheaper than any publishing office in America. Your name neatly printed on the reverse side, in stylish type, and the cards sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, to any part of the United States and Canada.

PRICE LIST:  
50 Cards with name, 25 cents.  
100 " " " 50 "

THE MOST POPULAR OF ALL SEWING MACHINES is the LIGHT-RUNNING NEW HOME BEST MADE SIMPLE STRONG SWIFT SURE

HAS NO EQUAL ALWAYS IN ORDER AND WILL LAST A LIFETIME SURPASSES OTHERS

Johnston Clark & Co. 30 UNION SQ. NEW YORK CHICAGO ILL. ORANGE MASS.

FOR SALE BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

38-6m

THE BEST PAPER! TRY IT!

## SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

The Scientific American is a large, First-Class Weekly Newspaper of Sixteen Pages, printed in the most beautiful style, profusely illustrated with splendid engravings, representing the newest inventions and the most recent advances in the Arts and Sciences, including New and Interesting Facts in Agriculture, Horticulture, the Home, Health, Medical Progress, Social Science, Natural History, Geology, Astronomy. The most valuable practical papers, by eminent writers in all departments of Science, will be found in the Scientific American.

Terms, \$3.20 per year, \$1.60 half year, which includes postage. Discount to Agents. Single copies, ten cents. Sold by all Newsdealers. Remit by postal order to MUNN & Co., Publishers, 37 Park Row, New-York.

In connection with

PATENTS, the Scientific American

Messrs. MUNN & Co. are Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents, have had 35 years experience, and now have the largest establishment in the world. Patents are obtained on the best terms. A special note is made in the Scientific